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the other between Pulkowa and Altona. Numerous smaller astronomical papers and geographical memoirs have been published. The *Recherches sur la Parallaxe des Etoiles Fixes*, published by Dr. Peters, in October last, must rank among the most remarkable works of this century. We only allude to it, without attempting even a description, as the importance of the subject and the work alike forbid superficial views.

Through the liberality of the Petersburg Academy, of which the Pulkowa observatory forms a department, copies of the Description of the observatory have been forwarded to all the observatories, and to some of the public libraries of the United States. It is thus placed within the reach of all our astronomers, and must be their text-book. The author of it closes his description in the following words: — “Those who have read this description will cordially agree with the author, when he designates the foundation of the Central Observatory of Russia as an epoch in the history of astronomy; inasmuch as the history of science cannot furnish a single example of protection so liberal as that which has been accorded to it by the Emperor Nicholas. The results of the labors of the commission and the exertions of the astronomers during the first years of the observatory’s existence, will justify the thesis which I here propound, ‘that the observatory of Pulkowa is to be regarded as the realization of a scientific idea, clearly conceived, and executed with the illimitable means furnished by the munificence of its founder.’ ”

ART. VII. — *Sermons by the late WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D., with a Memoir, by his Brother.* Second Edition. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1849. 12mo. pp. 393.

OF the characters commonly termed great, many appear so by virtue of their deficiencies. Traits not in themselves remarkable are rendered salient by the lack of their normal concomitants and auxiliaries; or, as a phrenologist would say, organs not absolutely large seem so, because the skull is depressed where the surrounding organs should be. An imagin-

ation daring and lofty, but disciplined neither by pure taste nor by sound judgment; the capacity of research in any one department of learning, though connected with obtuseness as to every other; or conversance with the grammatical niceties of a buried language without the power of appreciating its literature,—is enough to raise a man to what we call eminence, though by writing so many names on Fame's scroll, we are most assuredly making it a *palimpsest* for the next generation. The case is precisely the same as to moral excellencies. The philanthropist, whose field is all the world except his own heart and household; the patriot, who is ready to give his country every thing but an example of chastity and sobriety; the religionist, who is a fervent hater and an eloquent railer, is sure of a crowd of admirers and incense-burners, while the purest personal social and civic virtue is deemed commonplace, and wins but slight regard, when set in the framework of a quiet, circumspect, and charitable life. One reason for this state of things, no doubt, is the prevalent demand in our times for what is striking, extraordinary, *piquant*; for bold contrasts and glaring discrepancies. Another, is the ease with which a grossly defective, yet strongly marked, mental or moral character may be analyzed and described. In all such cases, the task of the admirer, flatterer, biographer, and imitator, is simplified to the last degree; the sketch may be drawn in charcoal, yet seem life-like, and “he that runs may read.”

But in every true estimate, the *quantity* of character is the first thing to be taken into the account; and in this, as to both mind and heart, the useful weigh as much as the brilliant qualities; the accomplishments and virtues that adorn home and bless the narrower circle, as those which attract the regard and solicit the homage of the great world. It is a more noble achievement to have left nothing undone and to have done every thing well, than to have done a few things splendidly, and many things not at all, or indifferently. The character that has all along been throwing off proof impressions of itself, glowing with beauty and loveliness, though it leave few and faint records for posterity to read, deserves incomparably higher esteem than that which seeks posthumous reputation at the sacrifice of present influence and usefulness. And the mind, of which you cannot designate the strong, because you

fail to ascertain the weak, points; the moral nature, of which you cannot define the prominent excellencies, because there is no form of goodness lacking, though it may elude analysis, invites for that very reason the warmer sympathy; it enriches and ennobles us by the contemplation of what it was, and whatever it may have accomplished or endured.

To this class of characters Dr. Peabody belonged. It was our privilege to know him, not intimately, but well; and we look back upon our interviews with him as among our most precious opportunities of communion with living excellence. His brother's memoir, eminently graphic and faithful, has not helped us to know him better, in a sense in which we could impart our knowledge; but it has traced for us the same rich mind and glowing heart through years of patient and happy toil, and then through a series of bereavements and sufferings, to which his mortal frame yielded, before his spirit had grown one jot the less elastic, energetic, and hopeful. He who saw him once felt that he had seen the "highest style of man;" and the most that subsequent acquaintance or biography could do, was to make no abatement from that first impression.

William Bourn Oliver Peabody was born in Exeter, N. H., July 9, 1799. The peculiar incidents of his childhood were not such as to claim record; but those who knew him then remember in him the same gentleness, candor, fidelity, and conscientiousness that marked his maturer years; while in simplicity, transparency of character, and susceptibility to tender emotion and sentiment, he never ceased to be a child, and had a heart incapable of growing old. After the usual course of preparation at the Exeter Academy, he entered Harvard College in 1813, as a member of the Sophomore class. Here he maintained a highly creditable standing, and acquired a respectable proficiency in the usual course of studies; but he occupied a large portion of his time in miscellaneous, yet not desultory reading, making himself extensively familiar with the earlier English literature, and, by the instinct of a taste natively pure and true, selecting such authors as were best adapted at once to form his style as a writer, and to mould his character as a man. His performance on graduation was an English poem, which gave hopeful promise of the poetical endowments which he subsequently displayed.

On leaving college, he spent a year as assistant instructor in the Exeter Academy, and the two following years as a theological student at Cambridge. In 1819, he was licensed as a preacher, and in October, 1820, was ordained at Springfield as pastor of the religious Society with which he sustained an unbroken harmony of mutual affection for twenty-seven years. His brother's description of his early professional labors will, as to their amount and their character, apply equally to the entire period of his ministry.

"It was his usual practice to write two discourses in each week, and to these was commonly added a weekly lecture for the illustration of the Scriptures. From the accounts given us by those who listened to him in the earlier period of his ministry, there can be no doubt that his preaching was then touching and impressive. He had no leisure for the preparation of very elaborate discourses, and had no taste for controversial divinity whatever. His aim was to enkindle the spiritual life in the hearts of those who heard him; and with this end in view, he dwelt but little on disputed doctrines, and cared little for the peculiarities of sects. Love to God and man,—the attractive divinity of holiness as manifested in the character of Jesus Christ,—the qualities and graces by which man is brought into resemblance to the Saviour and to God,—these were the points on which he dwelt with the greatest earnestness and satisfaction. He was deeply solicitous to cherish in himself, and to inculcate upon others, that unfailling charity and kindness without which Christianity is but a light-house tower in which no flame is kindled. He was never inclined to ascertain and point out what was wrong in other sects, so much as the particulars in which they might be imitated, and was ever ready to express his love and admiration of the pure and eminent, who have given lustre to them all. All those, of all persuasions, who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, were to him as brethren. This spirit of love was the ruling principle of his life; and probably no hearer of his was ever induced by his persuasion or example, to indulge in a spirit censorious or harshly critical towards any other human being."

For many years Dr. Peabody's situation seemed as enviable as any this side of heaven. Singularly blessed in the nearest relation of life, dwelling among scenes which nature had made surpassingly beautiful, surrounded by friends of kindred tastes and congenial pursuits, bound as in the closest family union with the people of his charge, with the blessings of the poor and grief-laden constantly resting upon his minis-

trations, loved and honored by those of every name and creed with a unanimity that seldom falls even to a good man's lot, he felt that his cup indeed overflowed with joy. His labors, to be sure, were arduous ; but he wrought in the most sunny, buoyant spirit, and would have done no less, had the demand from without been relaxed. His health was far from vigorous ; yet his constitution was endowed with great elasticity, and his power of effort and endurance seemed constantly on the increase till he had passed the meridian of his years. March 16, 1843, a day which he deemed the happiest of his life, is now remembered by his friends with a regretful interest, as lying under the forecast shadow of events which were to sadden and darken the residue of his days. That was the period selected for a festival at his house, planned and prepared by the members of his parish, who loaded his tables with tasteful and costly memorials of their affection, and clustered around him with the warmest expressions of kindness and good-will. On this occasion, he delivered a familiar address (afterwards printed,) in which he recapitulated the events of his ministry, and reciprocated with the utmost simplicity and fervor the greetings of his assembled congregation.

“ To every human eye, this might have appeared the happiest period of Dr. Peabody's life. There was every thing in his domestic relations to make him happy ; his admirable wife exerted a deep religious influence herself by the winning beauty of her own example, and thus powerfully aided that influence of his for good over the hearts of others which it was his great ambition to possess. They had been united for nearly twenty years by a deep sympathy and affection, which were becoming deeper and more tender as they went farther on in life. His children were affectionate, and full of that promise which is a priceless treasure to a parent's heart. He enjoyed the cordial respect and good-will of all his Christian brethren, of every name, and the devoted love of those to whom he had ministered so long. Even his spirit, not usually sanguine or very ardent in his hope, was lifted up by the conviction that his labors had not been in vain. There was a general and earnest interest in religious things, which gave the assurance of a richer harvest in the time to come.”

But Providence saw fit that this *richer harvest* should not ripen in the sunshine. In the autumn of the same year, his wife, after a brief illness, endured in a spirit of cheerful sub-

mission and trust which made her chamber seem an ascension mount, was called to her reward. Early in the following year, his eldest child, an only daughter, who, with discretion far beyond her years, had entered on her mother's sphere, not only of domestic duty, but of extended beneficence and charity, became the victim of sudden disease. These events inflicted a shock upon his bodily health from which he never recovered. But they were sustained with a fortitude, cheerfulness, and religious trust, seldom equalled, never surpassed. We know not where, in the whole compass of religious literature, to look for so sublime expressions of the "faith that overcomes the world," and the "hope full of immortality," as in the addresses delivered to his congregation when he appeared before them for the first time after each of these bereavements. They indicate a spirit, to which the veil was almost visibly lifted from the unseen world. They breathe the sweetest confidence in a paternal Providence, and a grateful acquiescence in events, which had drawn him nearer the supreme Source of good, and made him more than ever before the citizen of heaven. And from this time onward, he seemed hardly of the earth. His attenuated frame and wasted countenance indicated that the hour of his own departure was not far distant, while there was a celestial glow in his whole mien and an unction in his tone of voice, which showed that his heart dwelt constantly where so much of his choicest earthly treasure was garnered for him. But, so far from remitting his energy in daily duty, he was, if possible, more earnestly and constantly occupied in his Master's work than before. From the rich depths that had been opened in his own spiritual experience, he spoke with an irresistible impressiveness and power, and seemed to linger on the confines of another world only that he might win souls to join him in the mansions above. On May 16, 1847, he preached for the last time; and, after a few days of extreme debility, but of entire serenity of soul, on the 28th of the same month, he joined the heavenly society.

Dr. Peabody's mind was intuitive rather than logical. He seemed to apprehend truth rather by spiritual analogies and sympathies, than by the labored process of investigation and analysis. He lived as in the direct perception of moral and religious verities. When he employed argument, it seemed

less for the purpose of establishing the truth for his own mind, than of helping others on to his point of view. His sermons manifest little of the methodical division and arrangement by many deemed essential; but they go right to the heart of his subject, and present in simple and natural, but vivid and highly-colored, sketches the ideas that filled his own soul and shaped his own experience. They always seemed the literal transcripts of his inward life, and in their beautiful transparency they brought his hearers into the closest communion with his own piety and love.

But constant as were his professional labors, he by no means confined himself to the department of theology. His poetical talents were of a high order, though less frequently exercised than his friends could have wished, from his own too humble appreciation of their fruits. Some of the most beautiful sacred lyrics in our collections of Christian psalmody are from his pen; and, what is eminently characteristic of his habitual modesty, the best of them appeared in the unostentatious form of a "Catechism in Verse," for the use of the children of his parish. We know of no compend of devotional poetry richer in proportion to its volume than this little manual. There is not a stanza of it that might not do honor to an established poetical reputation. Among the pieces that first appeared in this form is that well known hymn,

"Behold the Western evening light;"

as also that beautiful morning hymn,

"My God, by thy directing power"

Dr. Peabody was deeply interested in every department of natural science, and in that of ornithology acquired sufficient reputation to secure the unsolicited appointment of commissioner to prepare, for the State Survey, a report on the birds of this commonwealth. His report fully justified the selection, and in addition to its scientific accuracy, is intensely interesting for the lifelike description of the habits of the birds, and for the spirit of tender humanity in which they are commended to the protection and even gratitude of the agricultural community. He also prepared for the young people of his parish a series of lectures on birds and plants, illustrated by drawings made and colored by his own hand; for he had

from early boyhood an artist's eye for form and color, and a skill in delineation which might have ensured his success in a walk of life widely different from that of his choice.

Dr. Peabody's first article for the *North American Review*, on the Decline of Poetry, was written in 1826; and from that time he was a frequent, and, for many years, a constant contributor to these pages, his last literary labor having been the dictation of the closing paragraphs of an article on Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, but a few days before his death. These papers cover a wide range of subjects in natural history, biography, and general literature; nor is it in our power to say in what department he excelled. They all display the same ease and richness of style, fertility and aptness of illustration, elevation of sentiment, and depth of moral feeling. On subjects which did not preclude it there runs through his writings a vein of mirthfulness and humor, indicating a mind familiar with the gayer and more festive aspects of nature, life, and literature. At the same time, his periods have a melodious ring and a rhythmical cadence, together with an affluence of poetical imagery, which make us regret that he had not oftener felt the mission and claimed the right to clothe his thoughts in the measured garb of verse. His biographer tells us, that in the latter years of his life, his general reading was greatly restricted, and that for his allusions and quotations he relied principally on reminiscences, many of them bearing the remote date of his college course. We have been told that this was the case, even with regard to the article on Addison, which many of our readers must remember as peculiarly rich in references to the literary history of Addison's times, and which one would have thought must have been the result of the recent perusal and careful collation of a large mass of the literature of that day. In this view, we know not which most to admire, — the accurate reading and skilful research of the boy of eighteen, or the memory which, after the toils and vicissitudes of thirty years, could furnish such copious materials for a discussion so minute, thorough, and elaborate.

The memoir prefixed to the volume before us is just what it should have been for its subject, and what it must have been from its author. Written without art or effort, pervaded throughout by a spirit in unison with that of the departed

brother, in full sympathy with the truths he loved and the objects he pursued, and in diction warm from the heart-mint, it seems less a biography than a threnody. No portion of it can be read without deep emotion. The twin-brother who wrote it was measuring his own rapid path to the grave; — “Lovely were they in life, and in death they were not divided.”

Oliver William Bourn Peabody, resembling his brother in person so closely that strangers and even friends found it difficult to distinguish them through life, resembled him no less in every rich trait of mind and every beautiful development of moral character. The two brothers pursued their education together to the end of their college course. On leaving college, Oliver chose the profession of the law, and was for eleven years a member of the New Hampshire bar, and for a portion of the time the representative of his native town in the State legislature. In 1830, he removed to Boston, and was for several years register of probate for the county of Suffolk. During a portion of this period, he assisted his brother-in-law, Alexander H. Everett, as editor of this *Journal*, and was the author of many of the leading articles which helped to sustain its reputation. In 1842, he accepted a professorship in Jefferson college, in Louisiana; but, unable to sustain the enfeebling influences of a southern climate, he resigned his office in the course of the following year. He had long gravitated towards the clerical profession, and having pursued the requisite course of study, and received his license as a preacher, in 1845 he was ordained pastor of a church in Burlington, Vermont. He entered on his duties at once, with the fervor of youth and with the mature wisdom befitting one who had grown old in the profession. He seemed to have won at once the same place in the hearts of his flock, of the poor and the desolate, and of the whole community, which his brother had already long held in a similar sphere of duty. For a while his health was firm, and his power of effort unimpaired. But from the time of his brother's death, it was evident that his days were numbered. The more than fraternal sympathy, that had made them one in life, would not suffer them to remain long apart. As his strength declined, he was earnestly solicited to exchange the arduous duties of the pulpit for those of an editor. But his devotion to the

people of his charge, and their deep affection for him, forbade the change. They were solicitous to render him every relief in their power; and, when there was prospect of his being in a great measure disabled from public speaking, their unanimous voice was, "Let him only live among us, and show us how a Christian can live; and his presence with us alone will be an unspeakable blessing to us and to our children." With frequent interruptions, he continued to officiate in public, and almost without interruption to pursue his daily walks of charity and Christian love, till ten days before his death, which took place on July 5th, 1848.

The memoir of Dr. Peabody was left unfinished by his brother. A friend of kindred spirit completed the record, and has appended to it a brief sketch of Oliver's life and character, from which we transcribe the narrative of his last days.

"During the last few weeks of his life, he was engaged in preparing a Memoir of his brother, which the friends of both were most anxious to have completed by him. But while it was in progress, he was arrested by the illness which so suddenly terminated his life. During the spring, although feeble, he had appeared in nearly his usual health, and in more than his usual spirits, and had repeatedly observed that he never enjoyed so much the beauty of the opening summer. In the latter part of June, he took a violent cold from exposure to the rain, but he still continued his daily visits among his people until Saturday, June 24th. On the next day, contrary to the advice of his friends, he attempted to preach; but, in consequence of complete exhaustion, he was obliged to omit the afternoon service. On Sunday evening he sent for a physician, and never again left the house. His disease, which assumed the form of dysentery, prostrated him immediately, although there appeared no symptoms which were particularly alarming. Throughout the week he was under the influence of opiates, and was disposed to converse but little. On Sunday morning, however, he requested a friend who was sitting by him to read aloud to him the fourteenth chapter of John; and after a little sleep, he roused himself to make some inquiries with regard to the service at church. On Tuesday, he dictated a telegraphic despatch to his sister in Boston, requesting her to come to him. He then again asked to have portions of St. John's Gospel read to him, after which he expressed a desire for quiet and for sleep. After waking, his mind appeared clear, and all his symptoms more favorable. He enjoyed the flowers

which were offered to him, and manifested pleasure in having his friends converse together in his room. Early in the morning of Wednesday, July 5, a great change was visible in his appearance, and a friend who was watching with him communicated to him his impression of his danger. He said that he had much to do which he had hoped to finish, and afterward expressed the conviction that his friends were unreasonably anxious about him ; often repeating, that he felt perfectly comfortable and free from pain. Towards noon he evidently drew near the end ; and his physician told him that he thought him dying. He said that he hoped it was an error ; but added, 'Living or dying, I am in the hands of God.' After which his lips moved as if in prayer, and his whole soul seemed absorbed in communion with Heaven. He continued to breathe but a short time, and so he peacefully 'passed on.'"

The Sermons in the volume before us, though rich in beautiful thought, and adapted to impart the best impulses in the nurture of the religious life, hardly do full justice to Dr. Peabody's literary reputation. The style best fitted for the pulpit is more diffuse than the same writer will choose for communication with the public through the press. The gravity of the themes discussed in preaching, and the necessity of consulting the edification, not of the refined and educated few, but of the entire audience, restrict the range of illustration within much narrower limits than are open to a man of Dr. Peabody's almost universal culture and eminently catholic tastes and susceptibilities. Then, too, the best sermons are too closely adapted to the time, place, and occasion of their delivery, to be included in a posthumous collection. And above all, Dr. Peabody's personal friends, in reading these sermons, feel too sensibly the absence of that living countenance, and the eternal silence of those sealed lips ; for, though, in the popular sense of the word, he was as far as possible from being an eloquent speaker, no man ever threw his whole soul more visibly and movingly into his delivery ; and the solemnity, impressiveness, and earnestness of his utterance and manner rendered him second to none as an efficient pulpit orator. But with these necessary qualifications, few volumes of sermons can constitute a more valuable portion of our religious literature than this. They are sound in doctrine, forcible in appeal, full of fervor and of tenderness, of reverence for revealed truth, and of the incontestible

marks of its power over the preacher's own spirit. We have room but for a single extract, and that shall be from the closing part of the sermon entitled *Religion and Philosophy*.

"The question arises, What is the province of philosophical investigation in respect to Christianity? Certainly it is to look into the nature of the truths which it reveals, that we may learn their adaptation to our nature. As soon as they were first revealed, they were known; but the wonderful manner in which they were suited to our wants and feelings,—to every man's wants and feelings,—the manner in which they were suited to the benefit and improvement of the human race,—could not be at once understood. This was a thing to be studied. Experience threw light upon it; observation threw light upon it; philosophical investigation may throw yet more light upon it, because mankind are constantly passing into new circumstances and conditions, and the beauty and power of holiness are displayed with new glory. Many a direction there is which is constantly unfolding itself more and more to human eyes. 'Overcome evil with good,' for example,—who could have foreseen, even a century ago, what wonders it would work in prisons,—how it would reform the whole process of education,—how widely and successfully it would be applied? This is what is meant by the light which is continually breaking from the word of God. Its truths do not unfold themselves to unobservant eyes; the more they are studied and pondered, the more do they disclose for the improvement and blessing of man. Here is the province for philosophy,—not to sit in judgment on the doings of the Most High, but its field is the spiritual world; all its researches there will result in some new discoveries of Divine power and love. Exhausted it never can be. Science has not yet travelled over a thousandth part of the wonders of the visible world, and the moral and spiritual world—so much higher and more extended—cannot be entirely explored so long as eternity endures.

"Why is it, then, that philosophy has so often become vain and deceitful when applied to subjects like this? It is because a heathen philosophy is applied to Christian truth, which is like using a foot-rule to measure distances in the sky. It is because men undertake to investigate without Christ what they never could have known any thing of without him. Under these circumstances, it can go but little way; it stops at the outside. It can see nothing more than a personification of the laws of nature in Him who is above all, and through all, and in all. It can see nothing more than an ordinary man in Him who spake as never man spake, and who was what never man was. It can see nothing more than a continued mortal life in the existence be-

yond the grave. And how is it possible to understand, or hope to understand, the truths which our Saviour has revealed, if we try to search out, with our inch of candle, what it takes all the blaze of the Sun of righteousness to make clear to human eyes?

"The truth is, that Christ is the Master and the end of all true philosophy; the highest and happiest object it can propose to itself is to lead men to him for instruction, to confirm his authority, and to establish his empire in the hearts of men. If in the unhappy confusion of controversy he has lost any thing of our reverence,—if he whose right it is to reign, and whose kingdom is within, has been dethroned from his true place in our veneration and love,—we are not the persons by whom the light of God's word is to be drawn forth and set before the eyes of men. Whoever sincerely desires to know the truth will look for it as it is in Jesus Christ, will hang on his lips, will treasure his every word. His authority in the balance will weigh all other down. As for human authority, let it be regarded according to its claims to reverence; as for human claims, man may sift them as he will, for these are in his reach; among these he may hope to discern the false from the true. But if he treats Him whom God has sanctified and sent into the world merely as a human being, and deals with his disclosures as freely as if they were human things, he does not see things as they are,—he is not in the way to understand them; the very principle with which he begins, the first steps in his inquiry, show that they will be for ever hidden from his eyes.

"We often hear the present spoken of as the age of philosophy. It is an age of restlessness, an age of change, an age of action; but to call it an age of philosophy—that is, of calm, deliberate inquiry after truth—is doing it an honor which it does not yet deserve. An age when innovation is regarded as the same with reform,—an age when zeal often becomes mad passion, and indifference often passes for liberality,—an age when philanthropy is so apt to grow savage, and benevolence proves its love for some of the human race by the intenseness of its hatred to others,—an age in which the things of God are no more respected than the things of Cæsar,—is not an age of philosophy, of calm, sound, and healthy investigation, whatever else it may be. No doubt, its result will be good. The waters may give out their virtues when they are troubled, but it is not the time to analyze them to discover the sources of their healing virtue. It is an age which signifies "the removing of those things that are shaken;" the time is come for perishable things to perish, and the world must let them go. But "those things that cannot be shaken" will remain, and of all things the firmest and most unshaken is the Rock of Ages. The floods may come and the

storms beat against it, but the Rock and all that is built thereon shall endure."

We are earnestly desirous that a collection of Dr. Peabody's literary and miscellaneous writings should be sent through the press, and feel well convinced that such a publication will not only gratify his numerous personal friends, but will win for him the reputation of one of the first essayists and critics of his country and generation, perhaps without an equal in the versatility of his pen, and in his uniformly successful handling of the most widely diverse subjects.

We feel that our hasty tribute to these saintly brothers has been inadequate to make them known to those to whom their names are unfamiliar. But they may serve to suggest still richer remembrances of them to some of our readers, and at least will transmit with our pages some faint record of two of our most frequent and valued contributors, — men who consecrated the noblest endowments and ripest attainments of intellect to the cause of truth, progress, humanity, and religion.

ART. VIII. — 1. *The California and Oregon Trail ; being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR. New York : George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 448.

2. *What I saw in California ; being the Journal of a Tour, by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the Years 1846 – 7.* By EDWIN BRYANT, late Alcalde of San Francisco. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 455.

3. *The Works of WASHINGTON IRVING ; a New Edition, revised.* Vol. VIII. *Astoria, or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains.* Vol. IX. *The Crayon Miscellany : a Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford, Newstead Abbey.* New York : George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo.

THE two volumes last enumerated on our list need no